# TOC H JOURNAL

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## They shall Grow not Old

ARMISTICETIDE has lost the cutting edge of its poignancy with the passing years; V-E Day has never quite taken its place. November 11 is a date that properly belongs to the 'bow-and-arrow' war of 1914–18—even if '1939–1945' has since been carved below it on many a war memorial and the original long list of names supplemented by a newer list only a third as long. The whole affair is in the history books long since, and its living memory—the emotion that swept Europe at 11 a.m. on November 11, 1918—can only be faintly conjured up nowadays by a dwindling number of men and women. For "we that are left grow old".

Week after week throughout Toc H The World we salute the Elder Brethren of our Family, gone ahead of us whether in peace or war, and reaffirm our pledge to maintain the things they held dear. But as we do so there are more grey heads bowed round the Lamp of Maintenance than there used to be: the average age of members in the average Branch has undeniably gone up. This is causing disquietude to any Branch which is not content to slide into the position of a grandfathers' club. If that cosy state were to be generally accepted Toc H, as a living force, would have packed up.

There is, however, encouraging evidence in many quarters of new recruitment; there are young men again among the old. Why is this recruitment still slower than our need demands? There are many answers—the rush and unsettlement of the present times, the many new distractions and so on. But does not one answer lie in the very fact of our increased average age? Supposing an elderly Branch were to foster the foundation of a new group in which no member was over twenty-five—a group in which its sons and their friends could seek the odd adventure their seniors knew so well and were free to repeat the mistakes and triumphs of twenty years ago? Supposing— But work it out for yourself.

# Talking of football . . .

*"Good afternoon, hospitals, this is your own exclusive programme coming to you direct from Bristol Rovers' Ground. This programme is made possible by voluntary contributions and sponsored by Toc H. Your commentators this afternoon on the game between Bristol Rovers and Reading are, the Rev. Vyvyan Jones, Jim Brady and Scott Hardy."*

YOU WILL HEAR something like this if you should happen to be in any one of eight Bristol hospitals on a Saturday afternoon during the football season. There are a further eight hospitals waiting for the commentary, which will be relayed to them as soon as the Post Office Telephone lines become available. How did it all start?

Very briefly, the story is this. Early in 1951, it was thought that, as an agreement could not be reached between the Football Association and the B.B.C., there would be no broadcast commentaries during the winter months. A group of sportsmen in Portsmouth realised that this would be a sad blow to hospital patients and they therefore organised a commentary from Portsmouth ground to their local hospitals. This was the start of it all.

Soon this was followed up by Plymouth Toc H whose tale has already been touched upon in the March JOURNAL. Then came Bristol's turn, when Toc H was asked to organise the commentaries here. This new aspect of service has caught the imagination of members in many other places and we have had enquiries from St. Helens in Lancashire and Southampton in Hampshire—to quote only two, so that it may be helpful to put down a bare outline of how best to set about the job.

As a preliminary it is advisable to call together those people who would be concerned in their differing ways in the organisation and running of these commentaries, such as:

The Secretary of the Football Club/s.

The Secretary (or representative) of the local Hospital/s, Old Folks' Homes, Blind Institutions, etc. etc.

The Representative from the Post Office Telephones and his Engineer, together with Representative/s from the people responsible for the Radio Installation within the Hospital, Homes, etc., and his Engineer/s.

In practice we found that our own meetings here had more than a flavour of Toc H about them and there was a pronounced desire to help by all concerned. (N.B. It is essential for the Football Club concerned to obtain the permission of the Football Association or Rugby League, as the case may be, to relay these commentaries.)

Finance should not present any overwhelming difficulty. In our case we have had allocated one-third of the proceeds of both Football Clubs practice matches; moreover, their Supporters' Clubs have donated fifty guineas each. Hospital Welfare Funds, too, can be asked to make grants. In Bristol we also had a collection on the Football Ground when the Lord Mayor came to make an appeal on behalf of the Fund, which resulted in £170. So far we have not had to make any appeal to the general public or to any of the large firms within the City.

**Sympathetic interest**

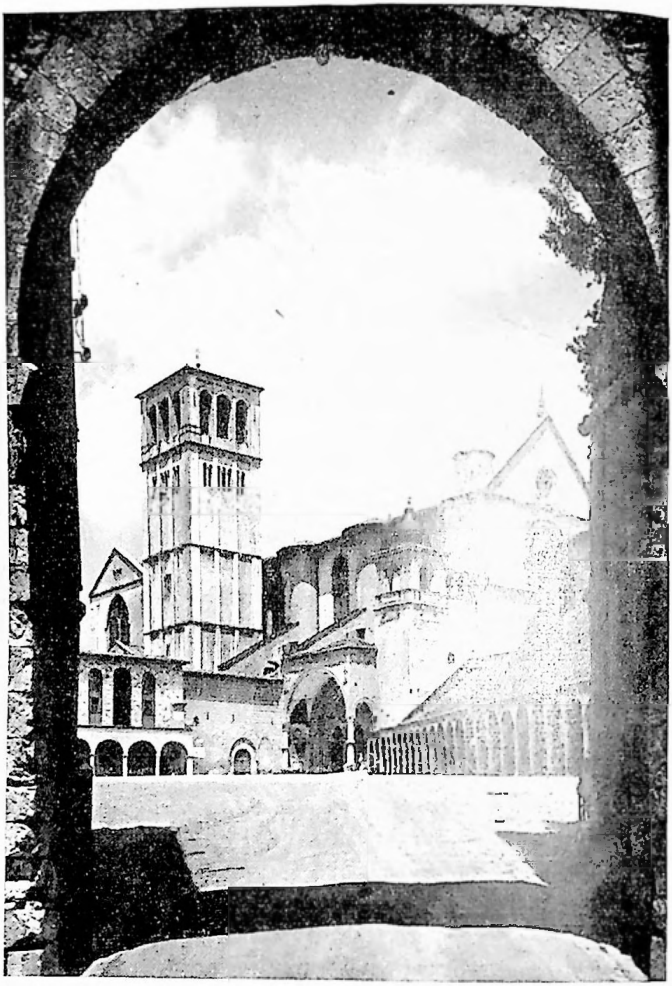
The scheme has real news value and you will find the local press will keep the details before the general public, building up much interest, knowledge and sympathy, so that should an appeal be necessary the story of the scheme will already be well known.

Regarding commentators. You will probably find it well to contact the secretary of the local Football Club who is likely to be able to suggest the names of men who have real experience of the game and who would be prepared to volunteer to serve on a panel of broadcasters. In Bristol we use three commentators per match, but I understand that elsewhere two are found to be sufficient.

It is not altogether surprising, in view of the place which sport occupies in the average man's life, that this scheme has evoked a very real appreciation from those removed by sickness from the main stream of life. Let me quote the words of a man who had followed the Bristol Rovers Team for forty years and who has now been in hospital for nearly a year: —

"Our thanks to the people who have organised this scheme. It is a big wrench to come into hospital when you are used to seeing every match you can."

W.F.B.



"The great double church of San Francesco"

# Peace and Good—II

IN ASSISI TODAY the visitor will find Nature as lovely and Art far lovelier than the scene which met the eyes of Francis, its great lover. There you can enjoy both sides of the picture and you can make your choice, the choice which the Franciscan friar had to make, between rude simplicity and sophistication, sometimes clad in great beauty, sometimes in tawdry finery. All round you are the hall-marks of pilgrimage, not only the devoted or the holiday-making pilgrim, single or in bus-loads, but in every street the souvenir shops which thrive on pictures and book-markers, medals and 'mascots' and plates painted with *Pax et Bonum*. Down in the valley is the enormous pilgrimage church of St. Mary of the Angels, a pretentious place with a dome like St. Paul's, which shelters the actual dwarf church of the Little Portion, painted up by well-meaning pious hands in the nineteenth century. Postcard stalls are busy at the doors, industry surrounds it with tall chimneys and loud hooters, motor traffic stirs the dusty road, where once a dozen penniless men lived together in a colony of mud huts.

### Buried in grandeur

In the city upon the hill there are many churches, some of which Francis, were he to return, would greet instantly as familiar and little changed. The two greatest and most connected with his name he would not recognise, for they were built after his death. Very soon after death he was proclaimed a saint and the great double church, Upper and Lower, of San Francesco, its interior marvellously frescoed all over by Giotto and other painters, was built to hold his body. While Brother Elias, the new head of the Order, pressed on with this ambitious building, the coffin of Francis had to be hidden away, for the body-snatchers, the relic-hunters of Perugia, were after his bones before the breath was out of him. Today all that is mortal of him, guarded by a heavy iron grill, is set high up in the wall of a crypt. At the foot of it are three altars at which, one early morning, I found three masses being simultaneously said for a soul which, one cannot but believe, was saved from the beginning. It is a quiet and beautiful place deep underground, and you may meet St. Francis there.

The other great church, with a noble façade of soft pink local stone, is dedicated to Santa Chiara, for it holds the body of Clare, dying twenty-seven years after Francis: her coffin lay, while this was building, in her own modest convent of St. Damian. The newer convent of Santa Chiara is a vast barrack, perched precipitously on the steep brow of the hill. All its many windows have the lower panes painted white so that the sisters, strictly enclosed, cannot look out upon that glimpse of heaven on earth that Clare enjoyed from her garden. Francis and Clare would surely be astonished, even dismayed, by the grandeur of their burial places.

**The lost last Testament**

Would they be tempted also to sorrow or anger?— this I could not help wondering in the presence of such superb homage to their memories. For Francis left behind him a remarkable will, in which, commending his soul to God and his beloved brethren to Holy Church, he expressed his fervent wish that the movement he had been chosen by Divine Providence to found should always hold fast to the utter simplicity of the Gospel, live in poverty, build no large churches, possess no property of its own. Ever-faithful Brother Leo, with whom Francis had shared his mind more than with any other, stood stoutly at the head of those who would carry out their leader's dying wish at all costs. Brother Elias, the Vicar-General appointed by Francis to lead, coveted grandeur for himself and the Order and worked hard to get its simple Rule altered. The battle was on between apostolic simplicity and high-powered 'efficiency', and the 'reformers' won. The Pope and his counsellors set aside their new saint's last testament.

Franciscans were licensed henceforth to adopt a reasonable standard of living, to provide themselves with the big churches needed for their popular preaching, to hold the property befitting one of the great religious Orders. Forgetful of our own shortcomings, it is easy to be cynical (Francis was never that) and to say that the Church had lost touch with its Divine founder, the Son of Man who "had not where to lay his head". We must not forget that Franciscanism was in its first stages a lay movement and Francis himself never a priest, but he always felt himself bound by "holy obedience", in the name of which he often commanded hesitating followers. He would certainly have bowed his head to the Pope's wisdom—for was he not God's Vice-regent?—but with how heavy a heart! He

had lived to see many of his friars abandon the strait and narrow path wherein he walked to the end, but he was spared this logical conclusion of their breakaway. It may have been an 'improvement' but it debased his pure coinage.*

## Grand Record

It would be the gravest injustice to think of the work of Francis as a splendid failure or to belittle the later history of his Order. Already in 1224, two years before he died, his first mission to England—nine friars, only one of them a priest—was welcomed by eager crowds in the streets of Canterbury. Just three hundred years later, in 1524, when twelve Spanish Franciscans landed in Mexico as the first Christian teachers and were received with great reverence by "stout Cortes and his men", it is reported that they were "men of unblemished purity of life". Throughout the three centuries between these missions the Friars Minor preached and laboured devotedly among the poorest and most lost in the towns of England and all Europe and far beyond.

Within twenty years of the death of Francis the Pope had sent an Italian Friar, and the saintly Louis, King of France, a Flemish one, to the dreaded heathen Tartars, whose realm covered more of the East of Europe and the continent of Asia than what is now the "Soviet sixth of the world". These men preached the Gospel in the Tartar camps among the giant snow peaks of Karakoram, on the borders of Kashmir and China; another became the first Archbishop of Pekin.

So the rough brown uniform that Francis had donned at Assisi was seen in the remotest parts of the discoverable world. His Friars were both fearless missionaries and great geographers: they carried the news of the true God into uncharted places and brought back the news of His wonders there. Again and again their mission demanded their lives and they gave them freely. There was nothing like Franciscan and Jesuit evangelism until the 18th century; even the boundaries of John Wesley's "world parish" were not so wide.

* In what many reckon the best biography of Francis a French scholar, Paul Sabatier, printed the text of the will and strongly criticised the Pope's action over it. Sabatier's book was put on the 'Index', the list of forbidden books, by the Papal censors and the faithful Catholic still may not read it. Sabatier himself continued till old age to live in Assisi, much beloved by orthodox Franciscans.

### 'The Little Portion'

Enjoy, as you cannot fail to do, the magnificence of the great Assisan churches, the sun or lamplight playing with great shadows in San Francesco and the matchless coloured picture book that covers its walls, the noble spaciousness of Santa Chiara. And then turn to the small primitive places where Francis and Clare in person lived and talked, worked and worshipped. There are especially three, I felt, where you are conscious of their presence, almost bodily, still. The first is the 'Portiuncula' itself, where for Francis the mission began and ended. It stands today under the empty dome of the sixteenth century St. Mary of the Angels, a little tent outspanned between the towering grey cliffs of its columns. Cross quickly the great paved space that leads to the shrine—though Sicilian pilgrims may crawl the length of it on the Festival, licking the ground every inch of the way in ecstasy. Forget, if you can, the garish paintings by later hands that cover the gable and the finicky modern pinnacle that crowns the roof. Once inside, you stand in the few square yards which served the family prayers of Francis and his first company of friends so well. The rough stones are blackened with the candle smoke of the centuries since then but these are the very walls their hands repaired for the glory of God. A few yards behind the shrine is another enclosed space, even narrower, and more dim, the ground where they laid a very tired man to die. Close your eyes and try to think back. Here in truth is the 'Little Portion' and sole possession of a few poor men. Standing in their tiny church, can you still hear the murmur of their worship? Can you picture outside these walls the rough huts of reeds and branches, their only but sufficient home, populating an open field where the larks are singing? The old country woman, kneeling in shadow near you, her eyes closed too, has no doubt at all that Francis is here today.

### Clare's Convent

Next go to St. Damian, where the young ex-prisoner of war wooed Lady Poverty, testing his worthiness of her with tears. You can lean your hand on any stone in the porch, warm with the sun, and not be sure whether his hand put it there. You can go into its cool aisles and find them little touched by later accretion. You can see, if you wish, many

"Clare's own modest Convent of St. Damian"

relics—the crucified Figure which spoke to the novice, a faded habit, patched by Clare, which he wore. More intimately still, you can enter in the bare little convent, and through the open door survey the refectory of the Poor Clares, furnished with no more than its first rough benches and wooden tables; at the end of one table stands a jug of flowers, daily renewed, for that is where Clare herself sat for their plain meals. The Franciscan guide, an old man with the peasant accent of South Germany, will tell you, with a touch of the amusement and gentle irony such as Francis used, how the commander of the American troops in occupation of Assisi in 1945 asked leave to bring his rations and his messmates up and dine there, himself in Clare's seat, because he wanted to tell them at home that he had dined with a saint in Europe! He did it—so little do men understand the secret of simplicity. And then you will come out upon the tiny terrace walled by Clare's garden and find it still bright with flowers. In the olives on the slopes below you hear the nightingales, singing by day as well as all night long, echo the 'Hymn of the Creatures' which came to Francis where you stand.

**"Far from the madding crowd"**

The third place, where it seemed to me that you touch Francis closest of all, is the Carceri. The word in his time stood for 'hermitages': in modern Italian it has acquired the more sinister meaning of 'prisons', and the hasty visitor today may think the place partakes much of the second character. But Francis loved it, for it made him free for short spells of the crowds that hemmed him in and the heavy burden of everyday work that imprisoned his spirit. Only half a dozen miles from the gates of Assisi, on Mount Subasio, a higher hill, the Carceri is reached today by a stony and exceedingly steep road. In the thirteenth century, when the forest was deeper and the hillside trackless, it must have been difficult to find.

More like a robber fortress than a peaceful retreat it hangs over the edge of a steep cliff, with the deep gash of a mountain stream bed on one side of it: no doubt it needed these protections in rough times. The stout front gate opens on the paved court of a miniature monastery, with a well in the centre. And thence you step into the incredibly narrow quarters occupied by Francis. First there is his oratory, a six-foot stone recess, with an altar no bigger than a packing case: then down very steep steps to his 'living room', a cell scarcely bigger. This juts like a shelf over the cliff, and from the little low window he could look out between the walls of forest to the shimmering plain where lay Foligno town and a score of hamlets that would leap to meet him whenever he set foot in them. It is hard to tell where the stout stone walls are wedded to their parent stone, but when you stoop and squeeze, literally sideways, through a doorway into the bedroom of Francis you are in a cave hewn in the living rock itself. It is a narrow passage leading to the back of the hermitage and out into the woods, and an alcove, the length of a man, smoothed on the rocky floor on one side, is where Francis slept: a much-worn block of wood that lies there now is said to be, probably was, his pillow.

When the pressure became unbearable, the anxieties too acute, when he had no time to receive the comfort to his own soul that he was continually giving out to others, when indeed he was in danger of losing hold of God's hand in helping other men to grasp it, Francis retreated to this hidden nest. Sometimes, maybe, he brought a few with him—stout Brother Leo,

whom he playfully addressed as "God's little sheep", learned Rufino and simple, faithful Giles, those beloved first friends who left behind them the earliest fragment of a Franciscan Gospel, the *Legend of the Three Companions*. Oftener, we may suppose, he came alone, simply disappearing from ken. Here, it is certain, he passed terrible hours, wrestling, like Jacob, with a strong Angel, half-hidden from him, doing long penance, as they tell us, with audible groans and floods of tears. It is equally certain that here at other times his spirit soared into the 'heavenlies' as he walked in the great woods of ilex. Then it was that his songs were put into his mouth: squirrel and chaffinch were his audience, perched on his shoulder with no fear, even the surly wolf came submissive to his beckoning hand. There are a thousand corners as beautiful, no doubt, in the Umbrian hills; is it only a fancy that the spirit of "peace and good" inhabits uniquely here? As we turned to go down again in bright sunshine nightingales, which Francis called his "little sisters", were answering one another from fold to fold of the hill, and out of the mossy undergrowth by the roadside the small purple heads of wild cyclamen seemed all the fairer because his limitless affection had embraced their forbears long ago.

## THE FRANCISCAN STORY AND TOC H

Most people find it difficult not to make the visit to Assisi a sentimental journey: you can see that I did so myself. All the same there is a moral to this tale, a stern one, and it touches us as individuals and as members of Toc H. Looking between the lines, readers will have espied likenesses between the history of the Franciscan brotherhood and our own. The times and places are far apart: there are great differences of degree and kind between the persons of the drama. A man, both gay and reverent, faced with an emergency and caught with an idea, sets to work as best he can in the place where he happens to be; he has little time to think of what may come after, is almost taken by surprise when it does come. Other men rally to him, finally a number beyond his dreams: women also are not to be denied their share in the work. It grows beyond the reach of one pair of hands or the hours of one man's day. Other hands take over the administration, organisation (the founder being a prophet more than an organiser) sets in; there is a 'Rule' or a 'Charter', a 'Chapter' or a 'Council', regional committees, local branches. There is

the heavy hand of finance as properties are acquired and missionary work undertaken. There are questions of discipline, doubts about the true methods of the movement, disagreements among its members, unexpected and unwelcome problems of all kinds. "The first fine, careless rapture" is over: the venture must take a shape, acquire regular habits and make rules. That is the history both of the Franciscan Order and of Toc H, it is the history of every human society. It is the history of the Christian Church as we see it already in the book of Acts growing from a little household of disciples into a recognisable institution and beginning to face, as in Paul's letters to its scattered communities, many problems, moral, social and financial. Woe to us all if the society comes to count more than the cause, or the letter takes precedence of the spirit! This has happened many times in the history of the Christian Church, and it has needed a revival, a revolution, a new conversion, to waken again the creative spirit within. The first Franciscans and the pioneers of Toc H were revolutionaries, perhaps more than they knew, but revolutions cannot last, they settle down, even before Paul or Wesley or Lenin have passed on, into systems. That seems to be the universal pattern of human endeavour. But it can be an ascending pattern, an evolution growing and changing with the times, if the workmen's hands and minds, our own, try to follow the creative method of God which, as Charles Kingsley said, is not to make things once and for all but "to make things make themselves" continually.

* * *

You are not satisfied? Then try to answer one question. Would the work of Francis have endured without an Order, the inspiration of Toc H without a constitution, would the Christian Good News be known today without a body, the Church, to maintain the core of it and to convey it far and wide? Allowing for every shortcoming of these instruments, for myself I do not think so. It is for us to use the tools which have been handed down, on loan, to our generation by men irrevocably committed to God's purpose. Modern invention may improve their pattern or outmode some of them, but they will not fail us if we are always mindful of the Spirit they were first fashioned to serve.

B.B.

TUBBY, accompanied by PETER SEYMOUR-PRICE, has been in Western Australia, South Australia and Queensland, and this month is visiting New South Wales and Victoria. He completes his tour of Australia in Tasmania. Then, with JULIAN BROOKE, he flies to New Zealand, arriving at Christchurch (P.O. Box 938) on the morning of his birthday, December 12.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT starts in Glasgow at 172 Buchanan Street, C.1, on the anniversary of the opening of Talbot House, Poperinghe, on December 11. Thence it passes westward to the Americas and the Pacific, being observed in turn at 9 p.m. by local time that day. Half the World Chain will be forged when TUBBY takes 'Light' in New Zealand on his birthday, December 12, at 9 p.m. (The time will then be 9 *a.m.* for those maintaining the twenty-four-hour Vigil in Glasgow.) The Chain will be completed as the observances take place in succession at 9 p.m. on December 12 in Australia, Asia, Africa, Europe, and so back to Scotland.

The Founder Pilot of Toc H Women's Association, MISS A. B. S. MACFIE, is undertaking a tour at her own expense, leaving on November 27 to visit the members in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa.

The Chairman of the Central Executive, HOWARD COOKSEY, has written a personal letter to his fellow-chairmen of all Areas, Districts and Branches.

Padre KENNETH BLOXHAM has been welcomed home after his four years in Australia and becomes Area Padre in Kent and Sussex.

Padre JOHN DURHAM continues in the Surrey Area and is now also Western London Area Padre.

BOB PURDY has been appointed by the Colonial Office to be an Emergency Administrative Officer in Malaya for three years. His call to this work is chiefly due to the fact that his experience in Toc H is considered likely to be a contributory factor in the establishing of community life in Malaya.

⚜ COLIN STEVENSON is leaving the Manchester Area to become East Midlands Area Secretary, in place of Bob Purdy, and has been succeeded by GEORGE LEE.

⚜ The Rev. CHRISTOPHER LOTON PARRY is not going to Scotland, as previously announced, but becomes Area Padre in both the Manchester and the North-Western Areas.

⚜ A 'PRAYER OF COMMENDATION' for Tubby and for leaders of Toc H Overseas can be obtained from Headquarters without charge or for a contribution to the cost of printing and posting the cards.

⚜ THE TOC H DIARY FOR 1953, CHRISTMAS CARDS and BRAILLE ANNUAL No. 3 are available now (see cover notices).

⚜ The new edition of 'THE TOC H SIGNPOST—NOTES FOR BRANCHES' will be published in January. Orders placed now will be given priority in issue.

⚜ BRANCH MEMBERS and BRANCH EXECUTIVES are asked to review their membership now and to complete their Rolls for 1953 by the end of this year.

## TOC H AND ALL HALLOWS TRUST

This year marks the silver jubilee of the Toc H and All Hallows Trust. During twenty-five years the sum of £6,000 has been paid out by the trust towards the training of some sixty candidates for the ministry, more than fifty-five of whom have been ordained. The fund is available to candidates for the ministry of the Church of England who are members of Toc H or are actively interested in this work. Additional information and application forms can be obtained from the Chief Anglican Padre, Toc H, 47 Francis Street, S.W.1.

## CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

The film version of Alan Paton's novel is now being shown in A.B.C. cinemas throughout the country. Local Cinema Managers have been told of Toc H interest in the film and many are co-operating with Branches in arranging vestibule displays. A leaflet has been prepared setting out the links between Toc H at home, Alan Paton, the work in South Africa and the film and bulk supplies for distribution are available at cost from "47".

# "Pick up them 'ops"

IT WAS A SUNNY MORNING earlier this year when Phil Armitage called at Headquarters, bringing with him an unmistakable breath of the Sussex countryside. He had looked in with an invitation for volunteers to help gather the hop harvest and before he had finished telling us about it at least one town-dweller was firmly 'sold' on the project.

When a brief notice subsequently appeared in the JOURNAL not all readers felt the same way, one going so far as to suggest it was definitely a bad thing for the Movement to be thus associated with "The Trade". But others maintained a belief that *all* the earth's fruits were Godgiven; in any case, I'd already volunteered and was keen to see just how the job would shape.

### Sartorial note

I already knew that the great majority of hoppers were drawn from the poorer parts of London, and in packing my bag was careful to leave out any 'fancy' items of dress that could possibly act as a bar towards making one's number. I needn't have troubled. Although I met and talked with many Bermondsey and Stepney folk in the hop gardens, my particular work-mates proved to be mainly students from universities and technical colleges and their colourful, nondescript dress often verged on the bizarre. (I can still see Harry, a 'medical' from St. Andrews, his shock of hair surmounted by a diced Kilmarnock bonnet and his trousers ostentatiously reinforced with bright tartan patches.)

### Gleaning

Hops are usually plucked by hand from the bines in the 'gardens' where they have been grown, but there is a modern trend towards using machinery for this operation. My gang were given the job of gathering hop-bines to feed a large experimental machine which, at first sight, looked rather like the engineroom of a battleship. When hacking down the bines, the deeply furrowed earth quickly became littered with portions of bine and clusters of hops, all of which had to be retrieved by an ages-old farming practice that recalled a once

much-reproduced picture, "The Gleaners". Well, that was us, save that we worked in the wake of diesel-smelling tractors and achieved a far greater earthiness than did ever Millet's peasants. (It's almost unbelievable how much rain-sodden earth can become firmly stuck to your soles, while the mud picked up by your basket can far out-weigh the gleanings it holds.)

Work commenced at crack of dawn—well seven o'clock anyway, and for the first two hours before the sun's warmth could be felt, was a dour business. But ours was a cheerful gang, who sang—and talked, as they worked. Their talk, interspersed with items from Gilbert and Sullivan, ranged over a field far wider than our immediate twenty-acre location. I learned much from them, amongst other things that both R.L.S. and Kipling are still read with enjoyment by a younger generation. At times, when 'discussion group' activities threatened to slow-down production, Tom, a swarthy young foreman whose Romany ancestry was apparent, recalled us to work with a good-natured growl of "Pick up them 'ops"; at least, that's an abridged version of his words!

**Improved standards**

Due to the differing nature of our work in the gardens, contact was not so easy with the "other half": the several thousands of London hoppers. Many of them had brought a true spirit of community with them and whenever encountered were always sociable and friendly. All, that is, except the Bermondsey lady who suspected me of being a sort of rate-fixer—but that's another story. On all sides the view was widely held (and that goes for the police and publicans too) that the hoppers' standards have greatly improved during recent years and now bear little relation to the bad old days of "before the war". Their billets struck me as being rather primitive, but it is only fair to add that in talking with them I never heard the slightest complaint on this score. Their welfare was the concern of many social workers and clergy, amongst whom was the Rev. David Booth, a former A.D.C. to Tubby and now Rector of Stepney.

**Unknown Toc H**

My immediate companions, being mostly in their early twenties, provided a number of salutary reminders of how little Toc H is known beyond our own small Family circle.

And those who had heard of the Movement sometimes held the queerest notions of its aim and purpose. Whenever it cropped up, they invariably displayed an interest in Toc H which I can only hope the 'explanation' did nothing to lessen.

Apart from providing a complete change from one's normal life, this job offered valuable opportunities for meeting on equal terms with men to whom Toc H was unknown. Especially good was the way a common bond of working together helped bridge the gulf that always separates one generation from another. There may even be some sort of moral here, to carry purpose far beyond a basic urge to "pick up them 'ops".

CHES.

# 'Home' . . . not 'A Home'

*Here is a short account of a most gallant enterprise, founded by a remarkable man. Group Captain Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O. and two bars, D.F.C. and bar, started the war as an undergraduate at Oxford, completed over a hundred missions over Germany; became an outstanding bomber pilot in the R.A.F., and finally was the British Observer in the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima.*

AFTER THE WAR, Group Captain Cheshire decided to start a rehabilitation centre for ex-Servicemen at Le Court—a large, mid-Victorian country mansion left him by a distant relative. This proved a costly failure and having denuded himself of a large sum of money, and with the house and land heavily mortgaged, he then turned it into a home for the chronic sick. Then followed a period of setbacks, but today the Home has thirty-four patients, with trained staff, who share and share alike with the patients, and who have made this into a real home, for people who in many cases have never had one.

Le Court takes people of both sexes, of any age, though recently the emphasis is on youth. It takes the people who are not covered by the Health Service. You may ask, how that happens, and perhaps the best way to answer that is to give an example. A young man of, say, eighteen is taken ill, and goes to hospital, his disease is diagnosed after perhaps three years as incurable—he has no home, or parents that do not want him, and the only place to which he can go is an infirmary ward for 'chronics'. Can you imagine what that means—

it is often a large ward and in it are nearly all very old people, often senile. Our young man, who already has 'enough on his plate', is put there, for the remainder of his life to listen to the babblings of old men, and putting up with the many painful and unpleasant habits of the very old.

In this Home, a wonderful spirit is all-pervading, there are as few rules and restrictions as possible, and that means practically none. You may be wondering what all this has to do with Toc H. A very moving thing has happened. A couple of years ago the Portsmouth District of Toc H began to take an interest in 'Le Court', and as you know when Toc H take an interest, they take it in a practical way—no sitting back and just looking on, but they started by visiting the Home, and then every week-end, a team of four started to come and do all the running repairs—it helped in the garden, it repaired patients' chairs, it did in fact do anything and everything it could to help. Certain members now come almost every week-end and stay and work, some bring their wives who help in the kitchen, and their children who bring a welcome change in the lives of the patients.

As time went on, and the ties between Le Court and Toc H grew ever stronger a number of patients approached a member of Toc H to know if they could form a group here—now there is a flourishing group with its own Rushlight and it has come to mean a great deal to this little community. Every Saturday a meeting is held, speakers give a talk, Toc H members from Portsmouth are nearly always present, and there is an atmosphere of happiness that is quite remarkable.

This home is doing a wonderful work, and our waiting list shows that it is fulfilling a national need. The idea behind this article is to interest other Branches of Toc H, so that perhaps some of their members would be willing to write to our patients, or if ever any of them are in the neighbourhood and could spare the time to come and see for themselves they will know that a very specially warm welcome would be extended to any member of Toc H.

Finally, members of the Toc H Portsmouth District have gained a reward of affection and admiration that can hardly be estimated, and have started a small but very lively Branch of Toc H in a place where it is filling a very urgent want.

So, if any of you can come, please do, and I hope you will all remember us in your prayers. D.B.

# This is to introduce . . .

I wish I loved the Human Race;
I wish I loved its silly face;
I wish I liked the way it walks;
I wish I liked the way it talks;
And when I'm introduced to one,
I wish I thought *What Jolly Fun*!

THIS IS TO INTRODUCE . . .
Name
Address
Signed by
of Branch
Address
Signature of Holder
Date of signing by both 195.....

A MEMBER OF TOC H is expected to carry an annual *Membership Card* to show that his membership has been reviewed, renewed and registered for the current year. This token of his good standing is secured by a General Member paying his annual membership subscription and by a Branch Member having his name entered on the Branch Members' Roll, now being completed by Branch Executives for the forthcoming year.

There is available on request a *Commendation Card* for forwarding by Branch Secretaries and Mark Wardens to assist the welcome and transfer of members and others when they are moving to a new address. The *Schools Pass Card* is completed by Toc H Correspondents at Schools and is given to boys of sixteen and over who are leaving school and wish to have an introduction to Toc H wherever they go. The *Services Pass Card* contains a summary of Toc H for a Serviceman to keep, with a post-card for registering his postal addresses both on service and on his return home.

The *Introduction Card*, shown above in reduced size, can also be obtained by Branch Secretaries for completion and handing to young men when they are being called up for National Service, and to other non-members going about their lawful occasions. On the reverse of this card the holder is commended to the friendship of Toc H members everywhere.

Five different cards, but each of them a means of helping members '*to welcome and to seek the well-being of those commended to their friendship*'. A personal letter is every bit as good, provided that as a safeguard it bears the signature of the holder as well as the writer—and it is followed up!

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

## THE CAPE GRASPS THE NETTLE

IN CAPE TOWN there is a Toc H Lunch Club with an attendance of from thirty to forty each week. It constists of Toc H members, lapsed members, friends and distant relatives in general, most of them English-speaking but a few Afrikaans-speaking.

On August 19 the speaker was Dr. S. P. Olivier, a Nationalist and Lecturer in the Department of Education at the University of Cape Town. He spoke on the Nationalist view of the English South African, and made a plea that instead of harping on their differences, both sides should face up to, and be absolutely honest about, their mistakes and build on the many issues they have in common. His comments applied equally to the Africans and non-Europeans.

Dr. Olivier repeatedly emphasised the fact that most of the main differences between the races could not be settled in the political arena, but were moral and spiritual issues. He said it was easy for each section to point their finger at the mistakes of the other, but that this was a negative approach. The solution was for each side to put its own house in order first, before spot-lighting the mistakes that the other side had made. The address ended with the challenge "That as we are individually, so will our Nation be".

### True Perspective

The Press was present and was asked not to pick out whatever controversial items suited the policy of a particular paper, but to report his speech fully and fairly. As so often happens, this request was disregarded, and for purposes of political propaganda both sections of the press only extracted and emphasised the particular points with which it disagreed. There was quite a to-do about it in the papers, and Toc H members, almost entirely English-speaking, rose as one man in defence of the sane Christian point of view put forward by their Afrikaans speaker. In an effort to get the matter put

into perspective, Ossie Joseph, the Secretary for the Western Province, wrote a letter to the *Cape Times* on behalf of Toc H and this is it:—

In its report on August 20 and in the leader on August 21 the *Cape Times* has stressed the political implications of the views which Dr. S. P. Olivier analysed in his address to the Toc H Lunch Club.

This is, perhaps, natural. I feel, however, that there is one very significant observation of Dr. Olivier's which needs underlining. This is that the political aspect of the problem of race relations is secondary and that the moral and spiritual one is of much greater importance. Nor is it just a question of the morality of a group, whether it be English-speaking or Afrikaans-speaking, United Party or Nationalist.

It is fundamentally a matter of the sincerity and integrity of the individual. Hence his quotation: "As I am so is my nation". This was the very kernel of the address.

The views were put forward not as those of Dr. Olivier himself. He was addressing a predominantly English-speaking group of Toc H members who believe that, in spite of differences of political opinion, harmonious relations between English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking people are possible on a basis of personal friendship.

This entails an understanding of one another and of the way each regards the other. This was the intention behind the invitation to speak along the lines he did in the series "We Build a Nation".

The spotlight is turned all too often on the things that divide us. Toc H believes not in ignoring differences but in setting out to find the things that unite us—or that can unite us. Common service of the varying needs of men and women, rendered in the spirit of Christ, is one of those things.

Yours,

F. O. JOSEPH

(Area Organiser Toc H, Western Province.)

## LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

Month by month a steady stream of Toc H members (plus their brothers, sons, friends, sisters-in-law, greengrocers' sons and so forth) set out for somewhere overseas, all duly commended to Branches or Groups at their destination. The value of a welcome from Toc H members who await them needs no emphasis. But in addition to the regular units there are, of course, a great many other individual members already living in places where no Branches exist. They, too, are ready to welcome new arrivals; it is a small personal service which they really want to perform. Those whose names are given below are only a fraction of the total, but they happen to have

expressed willingness for their addresses to be printed in the JOURNAL, so here they are. But people are often on the move, particularly those in the Colonial Service, so from time to time we hope to print a revised list, and to add to it as other isolated members offer their names for inclusion. Incidentally, the title of this section, borrowed with the author's presumed permission, is probably pointless: it only makes sense when some unimaginative clot allows a lad to go as a stranger to a new job overseas without putting him in touch with our people on the other side. You can almost hear him saying pompously to his wife "To-night the Branch wished him 'God Speed' and sang 'For he's a jolly good fellow',—so he'll be alright *now*". And if his wife were a shrew she would tame him by rasping "seems to me you've made much ado about nothing!" Luckily we haven't any clots in Toc H, so all's well that ends well. This really must stop! Anyhow, here's the list, arranged alphabetically as you like it:—

## Lone Members

ADEN: F/Lt. P. G. Driver, Government House, Aden.

ARGENTINE: G. R. Cunningham, Victor Hugo 37, Godoy Cruz, Mendoza.

BAHAMAS: The Rev. K. P. FitzGerald, St. Stephen's Rectory, Eight Mile Rock, Grand Bahama.

BELGIUM: The Rev. J. S. Fowler, St. George's Vicarage, 3, Rue d'Elverdinghe, Ypres.

BRAZIL: F. S. Hampshire, Rue José Bonifacio 110, Sao Paulo; the Rev. Canon B. J. Townsend, Rua General Couto de Magalhaes 257, Sao Paulo.

BRITISH CAMEROONS: W. J. Palmer, Magistrates House, Buea.

BURMA: R. G. Tyner, c/o J. W. Darwood & Co. (1949) Ltd., 505, Merchant Street (or P.O. Box 120), Rangoon.

CHILE: Charles Hudson, Casilla 4023, Santiago.

DENMARK: Knud B. Villadsen, Frederiksborggade 19, Copenhagen.

GOLD COAST: W. H. Beeton, The Residency, Kumasi; J. D. Wood, P.O. Box 201, Kumasi; Dennis Tripp, P.O. Box 140, Accra.

HOLLAND: C. L. Oranje, Soesterbergse Straat, 80, Soest, Utrecht; E. J. A. Frits Diederix, 12, Van Calcarlaan, Wassenaar.

ITALY: C. H. Henderson, Largo Generale Gonzaga 4, Rome.

KENYA: Guy Tomlinson, P.O. Box 45, Kitale; L. H. Bonnett, P.O. Box 1409, Nairobi.

MALAYA: John Steer, c/o Malayan Railway, Sentul, near Kuala Lumpur.

NIGERIA: The Rev. E. N. T. Sandford, C.M.S., P.O. Box 26, Kano.

PORTUGAL: The Rev. Canon H. Pentin, Ericeira.

SARAWAK: The Bishop of Borneo, Bishop's House, Kuching.

SIERRA LEONE: The Rev. Desmond Givan, c/o The Bishop of Sierra Leone, Bishopthorpe, Freetown.

THAILAND: The Rev. W. H. Fowke, Christ Church Parsonage, Bangkok.

TANGANYIKA: Colin Glegg, c/o Agricultural Dept., P.O. Dodoma, Central Province; The Rev. T. Dix, St. Augustine's Church, P.O. Box 45, Tanga.

TRINIDAD: James Smith, Caroni Estate, Trinidad, B.W.I.

## LIGHT AND SHADE

The following quotation is from the last BELRA Quarterly. It is part of the General Secretary's account of his tour in East Africa:—

In the wide areas of Tanganyika are scattered many small centres of leprosy work, which vary from the primitive to the modern. Both are typified for me by the conditions I found at the capital, Dar-Es-Salaam. Here lies at Nunge, some forty-five minutes away by launch across the harbour, a refuge but a few years removed from the tradition of banishment and neglect; peopled by human derelicts—blind, disfigured and maimed. This I visited with a cheerful party of young Toc H men, who were giving up their Saturday afternoon to bring some brightness to the outcasts across the bay. Gramophone records, a football, gay magazines and cigarettes restored a glint to the dead faces around us, though some inmates were literally unable to thumb the pages, or even to handle the cigarettes given to them.

I learn they had treatment weekly by a nurse from the mainland hospital, and a few who yet might be restored were given places as they fell vacant at the Infectious Diseases Hospital in the main town. For in utter contrast to the isolated outpost across the harbour—the relic of an outlook now almost dead—here in Dar-Es-Salaam itself were L.B. alongside T.B. patients in an adjacent block of the I.D.H.: a clear sign of the new and right attitude to the disease, as just one of many which may require hospital care. If Nunge was one of my most depressing experiences, here at hand was one of the most encouraging. And, as at Nunge I saw the darkness dispelled awhile by the light of Toc H, so at Dar-Es-Salaam I witnessed the joy brought into the patients' lives by the arrival of volunteers from the local Red Cross to teach them handiwork. These English wives and daughters of official and commercial leaders carried freshness and gaiety into the wards and compound at both Nunge and the hospital. They admitted an initial repugnance and diffidence, but if any such feeling lingered not the most sensitive patient could have felt it when I saw these ladies helping the crippled fingers with their knitting and embroidery.

*There be of them that have left a name behind them. And some there be which have no memorial. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.*—Ecclesiasticus, xliv.

BROWN.—On September 21, JAMES ALLAN BROWN, aged 44, a member of Falkirk Central Branch. Elected 30.4.'51.

DILBEROGLUE.—On August 13, at Eastbourne, PANDELI DILBEROGLUE, aged 61, son of the late Mrs. Julia Dilberoglue and brother of her two sons after whom The Brothers' House, Mark XIII, Kennington, was named.

DIXON.—On September 22, WILLIAM STEEL DIXON, aged 60, a member of Coundon Branch. Elected 24.4.'51.

DURRANS.—On September 6, JOSEPH DURRANS, aged 52, a member of Rawthorpe Branch. Elected 10.2.'41.

HARRÉ.—On September 23, REGINALD WILLIAM HARRÉ, aged 75, a member of Bishop's Stortford Branch. Elected 10.3.'27.

JARDINE.—On September 25, JOHN JARDINE, aged 33, a member of Shelthorpe Branch. Elected 1.12.'38.

JARVIS.—On August 28, NORRIS WILLIAM JARVIS, aged 39, a member of R.H.H.I. Branch, Putney. Elected 26.10.'47.

JONES.—On July 31, EMRYS JONES, aged 54, a founder member of Denbigh Branch. Elected 12.4.'34.

KINGE.—On September 7, JOHN C. KINGE, aged 46, a former member of Dock House Branch. Elected 24.4.'31.

MAYNARD.—On September 19, LEWIS JOHN MAYNARD, aged 56, a founder member of Southchurch Branch. Elected 27.5.'46.

MULLINS.—In the railway accident at Harrow and Wealdstone station on October 8, PETER HENRY MULLINS, aged 32, a member of Harrow Branch. Elected 15.2.'47.

NICHOLS.—On September 9, Rev. HAROLD JULES NICHOLS, a member of Farnham Branch. Elected 17.7.'35.

PEARCE.—On July 18, Rev. WILFRED ARTHUR LAWRENCE PEARCE, aged 45, a member of Weston-super-Mare Branch. Elected 17.6.'33.

PENNY.—On August 7, HENRY PENNY ('Pip'), aged 53, a member of Middleton-on-Sea Branch. Elected 1.10.'46.

PORTEOUS.—On September 27, ADAM PORTEOUS, aged 72, a member of Paisley Branch. Elected 7.1.'49.

PRICE.—In July, Rev. Professor ERNEST JONES PRICE, aged 70, a member of Broadways Branch. Elected 4.2.'48.

RIDDETT.—On October 1, at Torquay, WILLIAM T. RIDDETT, formerly a member of West Ham Branch and chairman of East London Area Executive. Elected 1926.

SIFTON.—In the railway accident at Harrow and Wealdstone station on October 8, MAURICE H. SIFTON, a former member of St. Albans Branch. Elected 26.3.'26.

SMITH.—On August 3, GEORGE SMITH ('Speedy'), aged 74, a member of Sheffield Branch. Elected 1.12.'22.

TAYLOR.—On August 28, E. CECIL COLERIDGE TAYLOR ('Vimy'), aged 59, a member of Penzance Branch. Elected 14.1.'26.

WOOD.—On September 17, WILLIAM EDWARD WOOD, aged 46, a member of Calstock Branch. Elected 29.6.'44.

## In Memoriam : Pandeli Dilberoglue

During the evening of Thursday, September 18, members and friends of the Brothers' House gathered together in the Chapel at 119 Kennington Park Road, S.E.11, to pay honour to the name of "Dilberoglue".

It was in 1924 that Mrs. Julia Dilberoglue gave the Brothers' House to Toc H, and since that time the house (Mark XIII) has stood as a memorial to her two sons—Augustus and Richard Nicholas—after whom the house is named.

Mrs. Dilberoglue died in 1948, but a close and friendly interest in the house was maintained by her surviving son, Captain Pandeli Dilberoglue, the only remaining member of the family. By his sudden and tragic death at Eastbourne on August 13, the Brothers' House has lost a good friend and this last living link with the Dilberoglue family has been broken.

## In Memoriam : John C. Kinge

I first met John Kinge in 1932 when I went to be Warden of Talbot House Seafaring Boys' Club, Southampton. He was the only member giving voluntary service to the Club and how well he was doing it, with his quiet unassuming personality! Whether in the club, or at the weekend camp, Jack brought quiet humour and boyish enthusiasm that endeared him to all. With all the affection which surrounded him he remained the most modest and self-effacing of men. At Talbot House his deep, though undemonstrative, affection for the boys impressed all who knew him, and his influence was such that many seafaring lads, now grown men, are better for having known him and counted him as a friend. We remember him with gratitude and affection. J.H.C.

# Builders' Jubilee

*This is the first report on Toc H Builders' enrolments, area by area, promised in last month's article.*

## Toc H Builders' Enrolments During September, 1952

(Also showing—in brackets—Builders no longer subscribing)

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| West London | 4 | (1) | Women's Association (whole country) | 5 | (1) |
| North London | 3 | | East London | – | (1) |
| South Western | 2 | (1) | East Anglia (Gogs) | – | (1) |
| East Yorkshire | 1 | | West Yorkshire | – | (4) |
| Oxford and Thames Valley | 1 | | Kent | – | (1) |
| East Midlands | 1 | (4) | Surrey | – | (1) |
| West Midlands | 1 | (1) | | | |

New Builders in September—18 (16).
Amount of new subscriptions—£19 6s. 6d. (£18 2s. 6d.)

New Builders since 1.11.51—433 (377).
Amount of new subscriptions—£473 7s. 9d. (£735 9s. 0d.), representing a loss of *£262 1s. 3d. for a gain of 56 new Builders.

* Not including Tax refunds on Covenanted subscriptions, which, if added, would make the position even more serious.

The new enrolments bear too close a relationship to the number of lapsed Builders. Only by a special effort like the BUILDERS' JUBILEE, taken up enthusiastically by Branches and Areas, can it be hoped to make good the losses and increase the income.

Every Builder gained, whether he or she is an old Toc H Member, Branch supporter or quite a new friend, is proof of the vitality of our Family to attract the men and women of goodwill willing to support us in the building of the Kingdom of God.

Let us then start on our Jubilee effort, remembering the slogan of the 1951 B.B.C. Appeal—"A decent boldness ever makes for friends". K.A.R.

*Where the cost of books reviewed in these pages is more than some members can afford, readers may like to be reminded that they can often be obtained through their local Public Library.*

## "A MAN SENT FROM GOD"

*The Doctor*. By Barclay Baron. (Edward Arnold. 16*s*.)

Any man who loves his Toc H should be thrilled by this book, for he will learn from it that our heritage is far richer than we commonly suppose. The debt that Toc H owes to Dr. John Stansfeld and the Oxford and Bermondsey Boys' Clubs is shown most clearly, and it is reasonable to speculate whether there would be such a thing as a Toc H Movement today if the lives of such men as Tubby, Alec Paterson, Hubert Secretan and Barkis himself had not been deeply influenced by their early contact with "the Doctor".

Having no money behind him, John Stansfeld worked for thirty years in Customs and Excise and *in his spare time* took a degree at Oxford and qualified as a doctor, so that in 1897 he could found a medical mission in the most desperately poor part of all London. He soon drew to his aid a steady stream of some of the best of Oxford's undergraduates, and in helping them to make their mark on Bermondsey he enabled Bermondsey to make a mark on them for which the world at large has great cause to be thankful.

The world is familiar with the names of William Temple, Geoffrey Fisher, both Archbishops of Canterbury; Neville Talbot and a dozen other Bishops; Tubby Clayton of Toc H; Sir Alexander Paterson, the greatest name in modern penal reform; Basil Henriques, most famous of Children's Magistrates and leader of Jewish youth work. In their own fields these men have become famous whilst John Stansfeld's name has remained largely unknown, and yet it could be said of him as was said of Joseph of old, that "whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it".

What a tremendous character "the Doctor" was! He was, by the best definition, a saint, and he lived his whole life at a

pace which only saints can sustain by reason of power which is given them from on high. His own life was subject to a discipline which he also expected of others, and he had that rare quality of being able to give a 'ticking-off' in a way that endeared him rather than estranged. Ordinary mortals—and even one as out of the ordinary as William Temple—must have envied him for it.

So much variety and seeming contradiction is packed into the life of this man that the reader may be at first excused for taking leave to doubt the author's assurance that "the Doctor's character was utterly simple". But in the end one is bound to agree. It was rooted in belief in God and that God was calling him to great service. In dealing with the young and old of Bermondsey his method and language were direct, simple and compelling. He talked of "the Word", "the Work", "the Teaching", and he taught that all men are brothers and that the best of all human relationships is to be found in the ideal of "the Family".

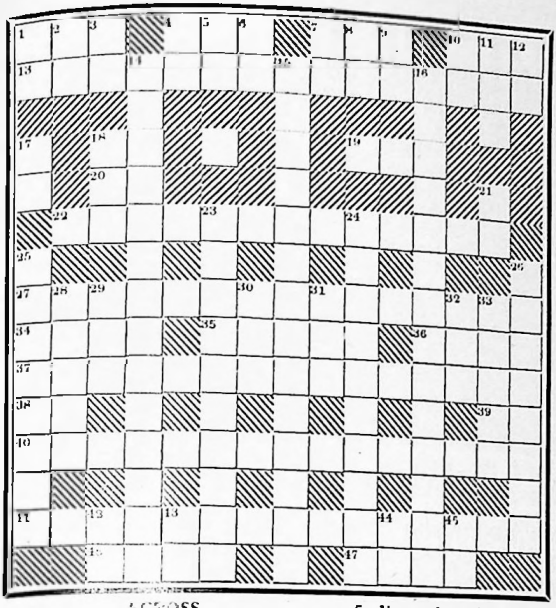
Throughout his life "the Doctor" never allowed himself to be so 'dug in' that he was unable to detect a fresh call from God. After twelve years in Bermondsey, at the age of fifty-five, he became ordained, and from Bermondsey in 1912 he went to take charge of an Oxford slum parish until 1926, when, at the age of seventy-two, he went off to East Africa as a medical missionary for three years. He returned to an Oxfordshire country parish at the age of seventy-five and until his death ten years later he was a most faithful and beloved vicar.

Our gratitude is due to Barkis for this great piece of writing. It is more than a biography of John Stansfeld, more than a history of a famous group of Boys' Clubs. It is a reminder of the spirit which first led young men from Oxford to go south across London's bridges, and it is a prayer that in these days of State welfare the deeper call for brotherly love may not grow faint.

JOHN CALLF.

* * *

BELRA have been allotted the Day of Magic run by the International Brotherhood of Magicians for Great Britain. This effort is spread over the Winter months and it is hoped that a large number of shows will be given to aid Belra's work for leprosy.



# Toc H Cross-Word No. 2

Compiled by AFM

*Solution on page 300*

## ACROSS

1. It's not pressure that makes you jump! (3)
4. L.B.W.? (3)
7. The "drink"—wet and warm (3)
10. To drink—wet and warm (3)
13. These may be vacant, but Toc H can help in many that are not advertised (5, 10)
18. Choice (2)
19. And more (3)
20. Eleven good men and true (2)
22. Toc H's endeavour (2, 7, 4)
27. French Black Prince? (8, 7)
34. 2nd person singular, imperfect, verb to be (4)
35. Not mine or thine (5)
36. Have you paid? That's torn it (4)
37. Not the kind of expansion wanted in any body (7, 8)
38. Before riding you get this (2)
39. Concerning (2)
40. Time to take "Light" (5, 3, 4, 3)
41. Imagine curly Sid making a cold draught to push him along! (3, 2, 5, 5)
46. Only one here (4).
47. Jellies and cigarette cards, but not sufficient tea for potatoes! (4)

## DOWN

1. Exclamation (2)
2. Lost continent sounds Greek (2)
3. After lunch (2)
4. See 38 across (2)
5. You and me (2)
6. It's gone the other way (2)
7. So have you and me (2)
8. That is Latin (2)
9. This is locative (2)
10. And this is dative (2)
11. That's all! (3)
12. Like (2)
14. By Barclay Baron (7, 7)
15. By Peter Monie (3, 1, 5, 5)
16. By Alec Churcher (6, 8)
17. Article—a bit indefinite (2)
18. The mighty atom (advt.) (3)
21. Half a titter for him (2)
23. This doesn't sound a nice flower for the garden (10)
24. They come up behind with double-seated trousers? (10)
25. This fresh place of judgement costs 4s. 6d. a year (3, 5)
26. By Herbert Leggate (2, 3, 3)
28. When she wept for her seven children, she was broken, and now sounds like a firm's outing (anagram) (5)
29. A mason is turned into a bull (3)
30. She is in the mirror (3)
31. We all do it once, but some many times (3)
32. To cut a colour? (3)
33. Just a short introduction (5)
42. Not out, just the reverse of in (2)
43. The Frenchman himself (2)
44. That is (2)
45. As before, but no that (2)

◈ A barrel organ collection by HOLLAND-ON-SEA at which all available members took a 'turn', realised £22 for BELRA.

◈ Toc H Week in CHATHAM opened with a service in St. Mary's Church, during which a message brought from the Old House was read by the Senior Naval Chaplain. An exhibition in the Public Library demonstrating the aims and work of the Movement was another feature in a most successful week's programme.

◈ Patients from the British Home for Incurables again this year toured the Festival Gardens at Battersea in wheeled chairs steered by STREATHAM and NORWOOD members.

◈ Before EDINBURGH celebrate their thirtieth birthday on December 13 they are anxious to make contact with all their former members and Founder-members and ask for addresses to be sent direct to: R. H. Walpole, 1 Bedford Place, Edinburgh, 4.

◈ An electrically-propelled chair is being held for disposal by SEVENOAKS. Details direct from C. Whaley, 33 Serpentine Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

◈ For the twelfth successive year, TROON staged a horticultural show in close co-operation with the Women's Institute, and a first show by LOUTH also attracted a large number of entries.

◈ Young men interested in learning to play rugby football are invited to join Toc H (Manchester) Rugby Football Club. Details direct from the Secretary: W. Lord, 74 Derby Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport.

## WITH THE YOUNG

◈ The children's parties which Tubby ran in Talbot House, Poperinghe, at Christmas-tide in the first war are still remembered by middle-aged Belgian 'children' who attended them, and children's parties—whether by the sea or in camp in summer or in the light of the Christmas-tree in mid-winter

Boys' Camps, Tunbridge Wells

—have been in Toc H Branch programmes since the earliest days. No complete register of them all has been kept, but here are a few from the summer now over.

Entertaining a party of ninety London children has been CHERTSEY'S biggest corporate job so far, while PORTSMOUTH gave two hundred youngsters a day's outing at Southwick last summer. On a month's holiday from Biggleswade Boys' Home, fourteen lads were billeted in CLEETHORPES' headquarters and entertained by members. A party of twenty-two boys and girls were taken by SHREWSBURY for seven days at Anglesey and HARROW again sent twelve boys for a seaside holiday at Brighton, while BRIGHTON AND HOVE played host to over a hundred crippled or needy children on a week's holiday. PETERBOROUGH, together with NENE District, sponsored a week at Kessingland for fourteen local boys and girls. GRIMSBY were holiday hosts to forty lads in camp at Limber: twenty-four boys, half from Stepney the others 'locals', camped in Ashdown Forest as the guests of TUNBRIDGE WELLS. MUSWELL HILL ran a camp for fifty-three lads in Hatfield Forest, while DERBY again ran their famous standing camp, catering for a hundred boys every week through most of the summer. A party of boys looked after for a week by RIPON proved such a success that plans are already being made for a repeat performance.

# Open HUSTINGS

*The Editor welcomes letters on all matters which concern Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.*

## Seven-Year Covenants

DEAR EDITOR,

The essence of this scheme can surely be put in two questions which every member should ask himself.

1. Am I paying the full rate of income tax on any part of my income?
2. Can I reasonably expect to be able to continue the amount of my present subscription to Toc H for the next seven years?

If the answer to both these questions is "yes", then I can almost double the amount Toc H receives from my subscription without paying a penny more than I do now, simply by signing a deed of covenant.

This apparently miraculous result arises from the fact that if I make a legal declaration to pay a given sum to Toc H—or other approved institution—I need not pay income tax on this amount. However, since the tax has already been deducted from my income before I get it, Toc H can recover this tax, so that for every 10s. 6d. I actually subscribe, Toc H can get another 9s. 6d. Is it not staggering to think how greatly Toc H could have benefited in this manner from the subscriptions we have paid in the past if only we had signed covenant forms earlier and is it not careless of us in the extreme if we do not make use of this income tax concession?

Members should be reassured on two further points. Signing a covenant does not bind a member absolutely if through unforeseen circumstances he cannot continue to pay his subscription. Also the scheme does not mean that the subscription must be paid in one annual sum: it can be paid in instalments as most members do now.

M. R. LOEWY.

*Birmingham.*

[*It is not essential that members should be paying Income Tax at the full standard rate. Please tackle your Area Treasurer about this.*—ED.]

## Gambling

DEAR EDITOR,

I was upset and disappointed on reading the last paragraph of Jimmy Sherwin's letter in the September issue. By all means, let us be realists when facing this problem of gambling. Let us see it as, what I believe it to be, the greatest social evil in this country today—let us see to it that it has *not* come to stay!

I am reminded of the American Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who, after having given many of the best years of his life in the struggle against slavery, was, in his latter years greatly honoured and revered not only in his own country but throughout the English-speaking world. Towards the end of his life he was asked on one occasion what he would say was the recipe to be followed to enable another to win such fame as had come to him and his reply was to this effect: "In thy youth decide what is the greatest evil in the world around thee, and then spend thy life fighting it." That, I feel, should be the attitude towards gambling and not "our concern is whether any good can come out of it"—that should be the attitude and not a complacent "it has come to stay".

L. G. Ashby Naylor.

*Broadstairs, Kent.*

## Spare Parts

Dear Editor,

May I appeal through the Journal for spare parts of *battery* wireless sets?

Already East Barnet Branch members have collected old sets and are repairing them, and sending them out to Old Folk who do not possess a wireless. So I wondered, to keep down expenses, whether members had spare parts that they no longer require, also spare accumulators. I'm sure some blokes can turn out odd bits and send them to me.

C. J. Trinder.

12, *Arundel Road,*
*East Barnet.*

## The Proof

Dear Editor,

I have only just read the article in the July Journal: "Where's the Proof?" It reminded me of a verse I found in my father's wallet on his death. He was an enthusiastic farmer. I have never discovered who wrote it.

There is no Unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath
the sod
And waits to see it turn aside
the clod,
He trusts in God.

Hugh Haworth.

*Dorney, Windsor.*

## Good Work!

Dear Editor,

In the July issue of your excellent Journal I noticed a letter about the Stourbridge Institution for the Blind (Bank Street, Stourbridge, Worcs.), asking for orders for their work. I have since been in touch with the Manageress and have seen the catalogue and prices, and this week have received two splendid consignments of basketware, brushes, etc. All these articles are very suitable for household use, for Christmas gifts, for bazaars, etc., and are very well made. I am writing this to you hoping that you will make these facts known in your Journal, and thus encourage other folk to act similarly.

Dorothy Mellor.

*Bushey, Herts.*

## The Reason Why

DEAR EDITOR,

One rare asset, distinctive to Toc H, is the privilege of being allowed to speak plainly—even bluntly, when one feels the urge.

I think that, today, Toc H stands at the cross-roads. Unless it can pay its way, it goes under: unless it can attract *youth* to its membership, it must eventually die out: unless it can offer something more attractive, neither of these objectives will be attained.

As members of the Family I consider that we are individually responsible for the state of stagnation which has arisen.

Why are the youth of today not coming into Toc H? I think the answer is that it is too *dull*, too unexciting. What do they find? A number of elderly men, over cups of tea, listening to lectures on subjects which, to them, have little appeal. The Service angle, an integral part of Toc H, is becoming less prominent. Jobs are mainly left to the individuals, and are little spoken of. Let a Branch take on some large-scale corporate job, such as building a swimming pool, or running a boy's club—something that will appeal to the sense of adventure in the young—and I think there is more likelihood of attracting recruits from the youth movements.

Finance? Why all the worry? We have been told quite plainly that if every member contributes a shilling a week the budget will be balanced. Surely this is *not* asking too much. I refuse to believe that there are any who cannot manage this. It may mean doing without something else to which we have been accustomed. In other words it may mean *sacrifice*. This unwelcome word is regarded by many with almost the same distaste as 'fasting'! But there can be no worth-while service unless it entails some form of sacrifice. One gets tired of hearing people talking of the "many calls on their purses". It only means doing without one small packet of cigarettes per week.

So come on chaps, and lets get down to solving our problems.

'SIMON.'

*South London.*

## Books on Loan

DEAR EDITOR,

When reading the reviews of more expensive books in 'A Bag of Books' I often wonder whether other members are aware of the excellent facilities now available for 'ordering' copies on loan from most of our Public Libraries.

LIBRARIAN.

*Chiswick, W.4.*

**Solution to the Cross-word on page 295**

**Across**—1 Amp; 4 Out; 7 Sea; 10 Tea; 13 Human Situations; 18 Or; 19 Add; 20 XI; 22 To Conquer Hate; 27 Ebonised Dauphin; 34 Wert; 35 Their; 36 Rent; 37 Fibrous Regrowth; 38 On; 39 Re; 40 Round the Lamp now; 41 Man is urged ieily; 46 Item; 47 Sets.

**Down**—1 Ah; 2 Mu; 3 P.M.; 4 On; 5 Us; 6 Ti; 7 Su; 8 Ea; 9 At; 10 To; 11 End 12 As; 14 African Transit; 15 Toc H Under Weigh; 16 Indian Prospect; 17 An; 18 Oxo; 21 He; 23 Nasturtium; 24 Rearguards; 25 New Forum; 26 On the Way; 28 Be'no; 29 Orb; 30 Ebs; 31 Die; 32 Hew; 33 Intro; 42 Ni; 43 Se; 44 Ie; 45 Is.

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## November, 1952

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*Chaplain:* Miss M. Turner, dss., m.a.

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*Production of this year's Toc H Christmas Card* ($4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$) *has been carried out by the well-known Gordon Fraser Gallery of Bedford. Supplies are now available and the cost, with envelopes, including Purchase Tax is* 4s. 6d., *per dozen postage free*

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